



We'll call again when we arrive, should be pretty soon, but your mother's hungry — we need to find a diner or something — and your father misses you — he's been musing, with that fond look he gets, I assume, can't really see him but that's how he sounds. Love you.



## The Romance of the Fittest

Art by Alexis Myre  
Text by Benjamin Gantcher



Now I know you heard desire in the corners of my voice, but I didn't know I wasn't hiding my secret, I didn't know I had a secret, that I wanted a connection, craved it so that I exposed myself to your weather, your instruments. If not for the instincts that led me to you, what would have become of me?



Near the bridge over the oxbow, an oriole was building a nest. We never would've touched it, of course, but the maple sent a helicopter to us, you said, a token that traveled a surprising distance over the field and water so that we could vamoose and remember the nest, the forest protecting its people, you said. Protecting us, too, I said, with a token against hardness, an invitation to return to the forest, to a degree, you said, yes. It makes you think about objects and memories, doesn't it? In shaping us, wherein lies the difference?